

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Sixty thousand dollars has been bequeathed by Adam Glasz, of Philadelphia, to Catholic charitable and educational institutions.

President McCosh, of Princeton College, is said to be a greater philosopher than a disciplinarian. The boys have "lots of fun" in his lecture-room.

The Government of India causes a sanitary primer to be used in the schools. One hundred thousand copies of the publication have been circulated in four different vernaculars.

There are now 156 Roman Catholic churches, with 270 priests, within the diocese of Boston, where seventeen years ago there were but ninety-nine churches, with ninety-three clergymen.

When a California school-marm can seize a three-year-old child by the nose and wrench his neck six inches out of true, what nearly shows would a boy fourteen years old stand of cleaning out the education foundry—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Churchman sees "one of the strangest marvels of the present time" in the fact that, while the world professes to pay little or no attention to the prophecies of Scripture, it listens with curiosity, if not confidence, to the boasts of the "scientific" prophets.

Edward Atkinson, of Boston, suggests a remedy for school-house dangers. His plan provides for a continuous balcony connecting all the windows at each floor of every school-house, not even excepting the first floor above the level of the street, such balconies to be connected with another at several points by easy flights of steps, fitted with wooden treads.

Churches finding a difficulty in choosing a minister can perhaps get a hint from the way that the congregation of a Mennonite church at Weaver, Pa., selected when their pulpit was to be filled. The names of the candidates were announced, and as many books as there were candidates were placed in a row. One of these books contained a slip of paper, and the candidate who drew it was the selected preacher—*Philadelphia Press*.

A singular affair occurred in New Haven on a recent Sunday evening. At the closing service of the mission in St. Patrick's Church one of the mission fathers asked all the men in the church, and there were about 1,600 of them, to repeat after him a pledge promising not to go into a saloon from twelve o'clock Saturday night until twelve o'clock Sunday night for one year. There were not half a dozen men in the church who refused to repeat the pledge, and the rest of the men repeated the words after the priest—*N. Y. Examiner*.

The results of the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Birmingham, England, were told in a recent address by the well-known Rev. R. W. Dale, of that city. He said that for more than a fortnight every evening in the week except Saturday, there had been from 3,000 to 11,000 people in Bingley Hall. The afternoon meetings numbered from 3,000 to 5,000 persons. He regarded the attendance at these meetings as evidence that the people were greatly interested in religious matters.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

If you want to economize don't do any writing of letters until the 1st of October. Then you can save a cent apiece on them.

The Superintendent of the mint didn't want to put the word "cents" on the new five-cent coin. But it was certainly non-cents without it—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A magazine writer who has the leisure should devote a good plan to stop defalcations in this country. Newspapers are too busy reporting them to work out such a scheme—*Boston Globe*.

A Chicago man has invented cast-iron tableware that looks just like porcelain, and is in evidence when he sees a servant girl drop half a dozen cups and shirk with horror at observing their failure to break—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Florida Legislature has passed a bill conferring police powers on rail conductors. As we understand it they already possess such powers. It is the duty of a train conductor to convey people to the station—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express*.

"Ten times one dollar," said the schoolmaster. "Now, go on; ten dollars make one—what?" "They make one mightily good dinner," replied the boy, and the teacher, who had just got his last month's salary yet, concluded the boy was right—*Norristown Herald*.

A lady with a fatal squint came once to a fashionable artist for her portrait. He looked at her and she looked at him, and both were embarrassed. He spoke first. "Wouldn't your ladyship permit me," he said, "to take the portrait in profile?" "No," she replied, "I don't want to be painted in the back end of your ladyship's eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."—*N. Y. Herald*.

A scissors grinder was ringing his bell "to grind" on Brush Street, when a young man called to him and asked: "Say, can you sharpen anything?" "Yes, anything," he replied. "Can you sharpen my wife?" "Your wife? Well, I guess you had better get a new handle and back spring put in first. I must have something to hang on to."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Why he made the mistake: He came home late the other night and his wife woke up and found him with a burning match, trying to light the cold water tap over the marble basin in his dressing-room. "James," she said, "that is not a hair-burner." "I know it, my love," he replied, "understand, 'fact is, I've overworked and that's the reason I made the mistake.'" "Yes, you look as if you'd been lifting a good deal," she quietly answered, as she returned to her pillow—*Chicago Herald*.

## Ought to Know.

A laboring man sauntered into a Woodward Avenue grocery yesterday, and, after looking around a little, he asked the prices of sugar, and butter, and tea and other goods, but without receiving any order. As he was looking at some apples in the back end of the store, a boy about twelve years old outside beckoned to the clerk to come out.

"What do you want of me?" was the query. "Is there a man in there with an old black overcoat and a gray hat on?" "Yes."

"Does he want to buy anything?" "I think he does."

"You'd better go slow on him—he ain't reliable," continued the lad.

"How do you know?" "How do I know? Why, he's my father, he is, and what I'm giving you comes straight from a boy who's known him for over a dozen years."

The man was told that goods were sold for spot cash, and when he got out the boy had made good his escape—*Detroit Free Press*.

## Wonderful Achievement in Telegraphy.

Up in a small, triangular-shaped room over a cheese-looking warehouse on No. 9 Merwin Street, a crowd of people have watched during the past week the operations of a couple of queer looking inventions as ever graced the interior of a patent attorney's office. What they have seen could give a good idea of the end, the machines might have been mistaken for peanut roasters, or some other trifling invention; but for their manipulators. Men of genius, like Mr. C. F. Stumm and his associates are not likely to spend days and nights at the handle of such ordinary contrivances.

On closer inspection a couple of bright copper wires were seen running from the apparatus, and passing through the outer wall were fastened to the top of a line of prodigiously high poles, stretching away toward Brooklyn. The importance of the little room and its tiny machine becomes more significant. It is the Cleveland test office of the American Postal Telegraph Company.

The electricians who were gathered together through the week were engaged in testing the new line that threatens to completely revolutionize modern systems of electrical communication. Commodore Garrettson, the famous railroad, of New York, was among the interested spectators in the Cleveland office, and Governor Charles Foster, of Ohio, watched the developments at the New York end. The results, on the whole, were wonderful. Great things had been anticipated, but the developments exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

When the electrical manipulators stood around the Cleveland operator stepped calmly up to the little instrument and transmitted a message of over 1,500 words to New York City and received his O. K. from the operator there, the whole operation taking less than one minute. But one wire, a set of instruments at either end, and the sending and receiving operator were required to perform the business. Little wonder that operators who have hitherto considered the transmission of a message of the above length, occupation for at least half an hour, marveled at witnessing the business performed in less than one minute of time. Messages of 600 or 800 words were telegraphed in from thirty to forty-five seconds, and several short messages in a correspondingly brief space of time. As the preparations were made for the final experiment an annoying breakage occurred that necessitated a postponement. The preliminary trials, however, had indicated the wonderful powers of the machine, and would seem to establish beyond the possibility of a doubt its complete success for the business of postal telegraphy. What is claimed for it and what is proposed to be accomplished by it have already been outlined in the *Herald*. The Cleveland business man's letter is dropped into the company's box, a number of which will be distributed about the city. The letter will be carried to the office, and in a minute or two its duplicate will be delivered in New York. Brevity will not of necessity be studied. A letter dropped into the box during the evening will be delivered, like mail, early the next morning, excepting that it will be received nearly twenty-four hours sooner.

The experiments just made were of the most important importance, as testing the merits of the only line of the kind in America. Its success, as indicated by the experiments made in the Cleveland office, means a complete revision in the modern methods of telegraphy.

The wire over which this lightning message was transmitted is of copper and a No. 6 gauge. It is the only copper wire of the kind in the world, and its power is wonderful. The experiments were conducted between Cleveland and New York, with but six common battery cells attached. The importance of this is better comprehended when it is known that an ordinary iron wire, like those in ordinary use, require two hundred and fifty cells for the same distance, or over forty times as many. The wire was of course grounded at this place. During the experiments it was also grounded at Olean, New York. Messages were sent from that place to New York City without a single battery attached. The earth currents that sweep from the east to the west performed the necessary functions. This could have been accomplished only over a copper wire. The company have their own wire manufacturing, and the achievements resulting from the experiments exceeded the prophecies of the inventors.

The wire runs from New York City along the New York, Lake Erie & Western road to Salamanca, from Salamanca along the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio road to Newburgh. A little west of here the line loops down to Cleveland. The main line runs along to the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis road and runs along that to Green, which, at the Baltimore & Ohio road, crosses. It follows along that road to Buffalo, and then diagonally across the country to the Lake Shore road and keeps close beside that road into Chicago. The latter city will be reached in a day or two, the wire being already several miles west of La Porte.

The experiments made by the projectors and managers in this city and in New York have filled them with the highest anticipations of its success. Two systems, the Cleveland and the Green, and the other the Legend. One is capable of holding six hundred words and the other eight hundred. The transmission is almost instantaneous. After the experiments above described had been completed a telephone was attached to each end of the wire, and although the tone was a little indistinct, the conversation could be plainly heard—*Cleveland Herald*.

One man and one gentleman—that is, one common plain man and one college-bred gentleman—have started in Syracuse a correspondence bureau, and for pecuniary considerations answer all questions on etiquette, love, health and science. Questions of love they answer according to the best of their judgments. The most important interrogation yet put to them is: "Is it right to be in the butt end of a cue in bursting the triangle in a game of pool?" At this rate the bureau ought soon to be able to tell the country to the Lake Shore road and keeps close beside that road into Chicago. The latter city will be reached in a day or two, the wire being already several miles west of La Porte.

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## A Kentucky Treasure.

The Central University at Richmond, Ky., is congratulating herself on the acquisition of a very valuable bibliographical treasure—a copy of the 1490 edition of Anselm's works, and "containing copious extracts from the former letters of Anselm giving the personal description of the Virgin Mary and her son, Jesus Christ," as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* puts it. The book was the property of the late Dr. R. W. Landis, of Danville, Ky., and the manner in which it came into his possession is another of the romances of bibliomania. In October, 1888, he was rummaging over the old stock of a second-hand dealer in Seventh Street, near Market, Philadelphia, and in turning over a particularly yellow and musty lot he came to this. "I could almost hear my heart beat," he wrote, "so excited I was by the discovery, and with difficulty that I could control myself to ask the book owner to let me carry it home with me and bring the money back for it. I never rested until the precious volume was safely locked in my room and the small sum was paid."

Dr. Landis subsequently made his "find" known, and there was for a time considerable controversy about its genuineness. The copy bears no date, but was evidently published before 1494, for on the title-page he is not spoken of as a saint. The British Museum made a standing offer of \$5,000 for it, but the owner held it to be worth much more, and in his will he left it to the University, which is a Presbyterian institution, and within the past ten years it has been a small folio of about three hundred pages, bound in vellum, yellow with age, but with the flamboyant tracery still perfectly defined. Its medieval Latin abounds in abbreviations, and it is evidently almost a literal transcript of an original manuscript. It appears to have belonged to some German monastery, but it gives no clue itself as to the adventures it must have had before it turned up in the Philadelphia second-hand store.

A *Courier-Journal* reporter who was sent to interview it appears to have had enough knowledge of Latin and block letter and all that to make a summary of what Paracelsus had to say about the history and appearance of the Virgin Mary. This information is thus imparted to the readers of the paper as the result of the reporter's two hours' labors at deciphering the unfamiliar type: "Mary, the mother of God, learned Hebrew while her father, Joachim, was still living. She was wise, learned and persevering in her study of Holy Scriptures. The work of her hands was wool, linen and silk. There was a distinct place in the house of the Lord, in His temple, next the altars. There holy virgins used to stand, and when the divine offices were discharged they all would go home. Mary alone would persevere, and guard the altars and the temple, ministering to the priests. Her manner was moderate in speech, of prompt obedience, without audacity, without laughter, without flattery, without anger. She saluted kindly. Men wondered at her eloquence. She had dark eyes, a right aspect, black eyebrows, a moderate nose. Her face, hands and fingers were long, her stature middling. She was constant in prayer. She gave herself to reading, to fasting, to manual labor and to every good and virtuous occupation." When she was taken up into Heaven she was seventy-two years old, by the following occupation: Seven years she was educated with her parents, and seven years and a half she ministered in the temple of the Lord; she was in the house of Joseph six months. In her fourteenth year the joy of all ages was announced to her; in her fifteenth year she brought forth Christ and lived with him thirty-three years as a parent. After the Lord's ascension she was in the home of John, the Evangelist, twenty-four years.

Her son is described as of medium size and comely in his person, appearing "He had a venerable countenance, which the beholders could both love and fear. He had hair of the color of an unripe filbert and even lying about his ears, but from his ears, waving curly, a little darker and more glossy flowing on his shoulders. His hair was parted in the middle, according to the custom of the Nazarenes. His forehead was smooth and serene, with a face without a wrinkle or spot, of a moderate and beautiful ruddiness. His nose and his mouth were faultless. He had a copious and youthful beard, parted in the middle. He had an aspect simple and mature. His eyes were bluish-gray, lively and bright. In repose, he was terrible, but in addition, gentle and lovely; cheerful, though maintaining his gravity. He was never seen to laugh, but often to weep."

It is a pity that so great a treasure should be buried in so out-of-the-way corner of the world as Richmond, Ky. The authorities of the College, which now owns it, place its money value at \$200, but they may perhaps take a trifle less—*N. Y. Graphic*.

How Mark Twain Was Sold. We, Mark Twain, Joe Goodman, Dan De Quille, Frank Mayo, Louis Aldrich, Dennis McCarthy, your narrator, and other choice spirits, writes Charles E. Pope, organized at Virginia City, a club appropriately named the "Vagabonds." Mark Twain was then laying the foundation of his wondrous fame by filling the columns of the Virginia City *Enterprise* with the toughest though richest kind of humor. It often took the form of the most merciless practical jokes. Not long ago he escaped a keen tongue or trenchant pen, when one day Mark announced his intention of leaving us to seek his fortune in a larger field, the "boys" resolved to give him a good send-off.

Mark was mysteriously informed that the "Vagabonds" were going to do something handsome. Twain, not to be outdone, bought a box of champagne and prepared himself with a most pathetic speech. We got ourselves ready for the presentation by buying an elegant morocco case, properly inscribed, and then quietly and insidiously placed in it a nice clay pipe costing just fifty cents. The case was locked and we threw away the key.

I happened to be the Viking for that week, and it devolved on me to make the presentation speech. It was done in the most dignified and solemn manner. Mark's many noble qualities were enlarged upon. His brilliant genius, his bright future, how sorrowfully we parted with the merry, genial spirit who was wont to set "the table in a roar." Then the meerschaum was handed over to him.

His response was so eloquent and pathetic that it moved him to tears, and, too, too no matter. The champagne flowed freely and the fun was fast and furious. But the great humorist and champion seller did not become aware of his treasures till he got home and had procured the services of a locksmith. They say the air was filled with sulphurous gas when Mark opened the case. He did not speak to us for a week.

A new anonymous prophet has arisen, and lifting the curtain which hides the next decade, he pictures the "Battle of May," and tells in a realistic manner how Ireland gained her independence. "No more landlords, no more agents, with their blighting and withering train of tithes, distrains and evictions, no more poor laws." Such is the time-fringe of a grand prophecy as to take place in 1894. The prophecy has been published by an Eastern house and is rapidly acquiring notoriety and popularity—*N. Y. Times*.

There are 40,000 opium eaters in the United States.

## The Weak and the Wicked.

Out of a total population of about fifty millions there were in 1880 a little over a quarter of a million of people insane, idiotic, blind and deaf and dumb in the United States. In every million of population there were 1,834 victims of insanity, 1,533 idiots, 976 blind and 675 deaf and dumb.

Apparently there was a large increase in the proportion of these defective people as compared with 1870, 1860 and 1850. But the proportional increase seems to have been due chiefly or altogether to more thoroughness in gathering the statistics concerning them. An exact and trustworthy census, of the insane especially, it is almost impossible to get. In the first place, what is the dividing line between sanity and insanity? We have seen how, in a recent case, a jury decided that a man was sane who was pretty generally pronounced a lunatic by the professional experts in mental disease. Whether Guiteau was a responsible agent has hardly yet been decided, though the brain of the assassin has been dissected. And, sane or insane, he went about among men during his life and doubtless was about as well balanced mentally as thousands of men and women who are on the streets to-day. Very many drunkards are the victims of a genuine and as dangerous a mania as that which affects a large part of the population of our insane asylums, and the number of people who are subject to insane impulses, or who are what is called half-cracked, is multitudinous.

Besides, families are slow to acknowledge insanity among their members, provided it is not of a sort to compel seclusion in an asylum. But, to cover such cases so far as possible, the Census Bureau sent out blank forms of return to 100,000 physicians in the Union, four-fifths of the responses were returned, and the figures with entire confidence. The result is an approximation only. At least, we do not get from the census for 1880 sufficient data to enable us to answer the question whether insanity is on the increase—that is, whether the ratio of new cases to the total population is growing larger.

It seems fair to conclude, however, that there is no decided increase in the proportion of insanity. The number of the insane manifestly grows at least with the increase of population. More than that cannot be deduced from the census table.

Out of a total of 91,997 insane returned in 1880, 44,408 were males and 47,589 females; 65,651 were natives and 26,346 were foreign; 85,840 were white and 6,157 colored. We see, therefore, that when it comes to insanity there is no color line. Of the total of 91,997, 76,895 was made up of 45,309 males and 31,586 females. The negro population, too, is much more liable to idiocy than insanity, the number of colored idiots being 9,579 to 1,617 lunatics. The foreign population, however, contributed only 4,007 to the idiots, while its insane number was 29,538. The tendency to insanity among the foreigners was striking, they furnishing considerably more than one-quarter of the whole number of insane, while there were only about one-seventh as many of them in the Union as natives. It is suggestive to observe also that there is the same increased tendency to insanity, but in a less marked degree, in natives who have moved from one part of the Union to another, especially from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The immigrant is subjected to an unwelcome strain, and the law of the survival of the fittest works with special rapidity in his case. Life in the old grooves he might sustain with but mental damage, but in a new path he loses his way. It is the strong bird which stands the migratory flight; the weak ones drop by the way.

Of the blind there were more males than females, the total number having been 48,928, made up of 26,748 males and 22,180 females. The same was the case with respect to the deaf and dumb. Out of 33,875, there were 18,567 males and 15,311 females.

The total number of paupers enumerated in almshouses was 67,067, besides whom there was a great body of outdoor paupers, of whom the statistics are manifestly so incomplete that they are of no account whatever. The total, according to the census, was 21,538; but how worthless these figures are is shown by the return from Boston of only thirteen outdoor paupers for the whole city.

The number of prisoners in confinement in the United States was 39,255, against 40,942 lunatics confined in asylums. In the number of prisoners, however, were certain persons charged with present insanity, and it is simply a question of control of the powers of the body, and he was not mesmerized at all; while again, one of the veterans present thought it the fairest case of actual mesmerism that he had ever seen. During all the performance the young man seemed cool and self-possessed, and went on in a singularly business-like way. The part that most impressed the spectators was where he threw the negro into a trance and sewed his cheek, tongue and lips without causing any twitching of the flesh while doing so. If the affair was genuine, and there seems but little show for doubting it, Johnson possesses very wonderful mesmeric powers, as there has never been any yet found who could mesmerize themselves.

How to Loosen a Tight Screw. The London *Builder* says: "One of the most simple and readiest methods for loosening a rusted screw is to apply heat to the head of the screw. A small bar or rod of iron, flat at the end, if rusted in the first and applied for a couple of minutes to the head of the screw, will, as soon as it heats the screw, render its withdrawal as easy by the screw driver as if it was only a recently inserted screw. As there is a kitchen poker in every house, that instrument, if heated at its extremity, and applied for a few minutes to the head of the screw, will do the work of the required work of loosening, and an ordinary screw-driver will do the rest, without causing the least damage, trouble or vexation of spirit. In all work about the common kind, where it is necessary to use screws, and particularly in hinge work and mountings, fancy fastenings and appliances affixed to joinery or furniture work, we would advise the sipping of screws or the dipping of their points in grease before driving them. This will render them more easy to drive and also to withdraw, and it will undoubtedly retard for a longer time the action of rusting."

A story comes from Canton, China, of a woman who, to punish a female slave who had stolen some food, cut a slice from the girl's thigh and made her suck and eat it.

The curious Stebbins, who had "Marching Through Georgia," and "Good-bye, My Love," sung by request at his grave, was once appointed Consul to the Philippine Islands. He was informed, however, that it was very hot there and there were numerous and severe earthquakes to give him the "shakes." He "wired" at once to Washington: "I like hot climate and I like earthquakes. He had hardly sent the word to the consul when an earthquake which nearly threw him back into the hold of the steamer. He didn't go ashore again, but returned home on the same steamer—*N. Y. Herald*.

A new anonymous prophet has arisen, and lifting the curtain which hides the next decade, he pictures the "Battle of May," and tells in a realistic manner how Ireland gained her independence. "No more landlords, no more agents, with their blighting and withering train of tithes, distrains and evictions, no more poor laws." Such is the time-fringe of a grand prophecy as to take place in 1894. The prophecy has been published by an Eastern house and is rapidly acquiring notoriety and popularity—*N. Y. Times*.

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## Wonderful Mesmeric Powers.

The Chicago *Herald* of a recent date is responsible for the following: A wonderful exhibition of mesmerism, or at least what passed for that, took place yesterday afternoon at General Sheridan's headquarters. A number of officers, a *Herald* reporter and several friends were present, and they were all astounded at what they saw. A young man, apparently twenty-five years of age, who had nothing in particular to distinguish him from any other human being of that age, was the mesmerist. He was weak about the eyes. Two other gentlemen assisted him in the manifestations. Several medical men were on hand, and the room was comfortably filled when he began operations. His first attempt was in the form of a speech, in which he declared he could mesmerize himself. He said that anyone could put his up, and he would not feel it in the slightest degree. He claimed to be the only man living who could do this.

He then stood out in the center of the room and commenced rubbing his eyes. In a few minutes he fell limp, with closed eyes, into his assistant's arms. He was then laid out on the floor and his arms rubbed violently into a state of rigidity and placed at his side. His legs were treated the same. He was lifted and his neck placed on the back of a chair and his feet another, thus suspending the rigid form in mid-air for two chairs. He remained thus for two minutes, and was then piled on the floor and his arms rubbed into a state of rigidity. He took a young colored boy and put him into a mesmerized state.

"Now," said he, "you will observe, gentlemen, that I have this boy completely under control, and I will make him do whatever I want. I will ask him if he desires a glass of wine and he will say he does. I have here a very rank sort of old liver oil, which I shall make him drink. He then rubbed his hands across his eyes and brought him up, when the negro had become rather unwell and evinced a desire to throw up his job.

"Now, then, I'll take that away," said the mesmerist, and he passed both hands tenderly across the boy's back. He made him eat a portion of a tallow candle, under the impression that he was a sick of candy, and swallow a few tablespoonsful of cayenne pepper, telling him it was sugar. Then came truly wonderful performance. He put the negro boy into a state of unconsciousness, and taking a common needle and thread, sewed up the boy's tongue, lips, cheek and ear in one web, never bringing a quiver to the lad or causing a drop of blood to flow. He pulled the thread through time and again and did some very fine tailoring on the black hide. When through he woke him up. Then put him to sleep again and asked him if he should repeat this performance, when the "coon" delightedly cried out "yes, massa."

"How many stitches shall I use?" asked the mesmerist. "Four." The audience was satisfied, however, and requested that he "spare the hide."

One old army officer declared that he had had occasion once to examine the stomach of an ostrich and found bowlders, pieces of stone, metal and other queer substances therein, and had often heard of the digestive faculties of the billy goat with its surprising fondness for tin cans and hoopskirts; but he had never seen such organs as those possessed by this negro. An attempt was made to have the mesmerist put the "coon" under his influence again and feed him with a few Patent Office reports, but it fell through.

After this show Johnson went into a commodious state bent in a semi-circular position on the floor, and then gently rocked back and forth like a cradle. He was pierced with a needle and sewed through and through the back of his head, but not a drop of blood flowed. It seemed impossible to cause a tremor to pass over his form by any act of torture they could devise. When he was brought out of this state, which was always done by quick passes over the limbs, throwing off the current by snapping the fingers, then by repeating this on the face, he informed those present that he had mesmerized a patient at the Bellevue Hospital in New York, when a surgeon amputated a finger for a man and the latter felt no pain whatever. He offered to cause any one to be in a perfectly mesmerized state, but no one accepted the offer.

There was something decidedly wonderful in all he did, and it puzzled those present. He declared it simply a question of control of the powers of the body, and he was not mesmerized at all; while again, one of the veterans present thought it the fairest case of actual mesmerism that he had ever seen. During all the performance the young man seemed cool and self-possessed, and went on in a singularly business-like way. The part that most impressed the spectators was where he threw the negro into a trance and sewed his cheek, tongue and lips without causing any twitching of the flesh while doing so. If the affair was genuine, and there seems but little show for doubting it, Johnson possesses very wonderful mesmeric powers, as there has never been any yet found who could mesmerize themselves.

How to Loosen a Tight Screw. The London *Builder* says: "One of the most simple and readiest methods for loosening a rusted screw is to apply heat to the head of the screw. A small bar or rod of iron, flat at the end, if rusted in the first and applied for a couple of minutes to the head of the screw, will, as soon as it heats the screw, render its withdrawal as easy by the screw driver as if it was only a recently inserted screw. As there is a kitchen poker in every house, that instrument, if heated at its extremity, and applied for a few minutes to the head of the screw, will do the work of the required work of loosening, and an ordinary screw-driver will do the rest, without causing the least damage, trouble or vexation of spirit. In all work about the common kind, where it is necessary to use screws, and particularly in hinge work and mountings, fancy fastenings and appliances affixed to joinery or furniture work, we would advise the sipping of screws or the dipping of their points in grease before driving them. This will render them more easy to drive and also to withdraw, and it will undoubtedly retard for a longer time the action of rusting."

A story comes from Canton, China, of a woman who, to punish a female slave who had stolen some food, cut a slice from the girl's thigh and made her suck and eat it.

The curious Stebbins, who had "Marching Through Georgia," and "Good-bye, My Love," sung by request at his grave, was once appointed Consul to the Philippine Islands. He was informed, however, that it was very hot there and there were numerous and severe earthquakes to give him the "shakes." He "wired" at once to Washington: "I like hot climate and I like earthquakes. He had hardly sent the word to the consul when an earthquake which nearly threw him back into the hold of the steamer. He didn't go ashore again, but returned home on the same steamer—*N. Y. Herald*.

A new anonymous prophet has arisen, and lifting the curtain which hides the next decade, he pictures the "Battle of May," and tells in a realistic manner how Ireland gained her independence. "No more landlords, no more agents, with their blighting and withering train of tithes, distrains and evictions, no more poor laws." Such is the time-fringe of a grand prophecy as to take place in 1894. The prophecy has been published by an Eastern house and is rapidly acquiring notoriety and popularity—*N. Y. Times*.

There are 40,000 opium eaters in the United States.

## Mr. Jerry Buster in Court.

The following report of a trial in a North Carolina court is condensed from a somewhat lengthy account published in local papers:

In the mountain region of the State a man named John Foster was recently tried for assault and battery upon the person of William Boyd, his captor, both of whom were one-eyed, rough-bearded men. He was lame. He lost his missing eye in a fight. This was his first appearance in a court-house, although he looked to be some sixty years of age. There seems to have been an irreverent admixture of the sacred and profane in the make-up of his name, which was Jeremiah Buster. As he stood amid the crowd a close observer might soon have discovered that the whole scene was new to him. When the prosecuting attorney called him to the witness-stand he limped around the railing of the bar and took his seat on the stand. He gazed around him with a bewildered air, yet there was that in his demeanor which showed that he had not parted altogether with the self-assertion and independence characteristic of the dwellers in the mountains. He took in as much of the situation, perhaps, as a one-eyed man could be reasonably expected to do on his first appearance on the scene.

Prosecuting Attorney—"What is your name?"

Witness (ejecuting a stream of tobacco-juice on the floor)—"Jeremiah Buster, Squire. They generally call me Jerry, for short."

Prosecuting Attorney—"Well, Mr. Buster—"

Witness—"Now, 'Squire, don't call me Mr. Buster, of your please. I'm seldom called that, and—"

The Court—"Mr. Witness—"

Witness—"Now Judge, jes' call me Jerry, of your please. I ain't used to be called mister, and it sorter sounds strange like. Jes' call—"

The District Attorney here arose and said that he felt satisfied the witness did not mean to commit a contempt